



Sacrilege



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Chapter 1 by Grant Davidson

Prologue:

He looked at me with the hatred and fire of a man who has his vengeance finally at hand. So long he had pursued me, so long had he awaited this very moment. "So demon, it is down to you and I at last". He could barely contain himself, his breathing labored and quick. "You will come to the next life, death will finally be upon you. This is where you end, and these lands finally go free of you and your cursed existence". He had no idea to the extent he was right. It was almost laughable. If I was still alive, I just might have humored him, but the undead aren't to enthusiastic about humoring the living. I in particular, was not one for speeches, I had dealt with his kind countless times before, over the ages. This however presented a problem. Was I really to kill my own great grandson?

Chapter 2 by Grant Davidson



Chapter 1: Turning Red

Raziell Moorestock was my given name. A Human just like all the others. I was a farmers son,

who did farmers work, trying to survive. Nothing remarkable, nothing extraordinary. Just another faceless farmer tending his crops. One day, a small group of adventurers, an occasional group on the great road that passed near our farm called "The Golden Way".

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corrupt land, or so we were told, and a place to be feared where the dead walked amongst the living, and dark magics floated on the wind like leaves, and everyone was out to get you. This is the tale my parents spun around the fire. Partly out of ignorance (my father was no scholar or scribe) and partly drawn from stories told by the would-be heroes that passed through, oft never to be seen again. To a simple farm child, these were the stuff of legend. High adventure on the grandest scale. I dreamed of picking up a sword when I came of age and heading off to seek my fame and fortune with the rest. I never told my parents of these fantasies of course, my father would have beat me senseless and my mother would have likely had an attack of the spirit she frequently had which retired her to her bed for days if not weeks at a time.

Not all who came by were taken in. My mother, albeit skittish, had a sense about her. She insisted to my father that we turn some away, actually more often than not, or so I seem to remember. She was a very wary nervous woman, and not one to trust easily. Only much later did I learn why. It all began when one evening, over my mothers protests and due to my father being a few ales the looser, a band of travelers came seeking a night at the farm. Our purse strings were very tight and the leader of the party, a balding short fat man of 50'ish offered a hefty sum to be allowed to stay, but not just stay at the farm, but in the farmhouse itself! With the gleam of copper in my fathers eye I was hurried off to prepare the common area of the house, for our guests. I noticed the fat man looking at me often with a curious look. Being young and unwise to the ways of the world I made nothing of it. After dinner and some drinks the man began a seemingly casual conversation with me. He asked the most peculiar questions, of which I answered to the best of my ability, as I was taught. We played some memory games, and he taught me the basics of juggling! I excelled at both to my own surprise. All in all we talked late into the evening. I remember heading out to the barn to go to sleep, as the group took up most of the house. All in all I would say the man was pleasant, but somehow odd. How little did I know.

The next morning I awoke on the floor of the barn to see the group of travelers surrounding me. The man I spoke with the night before, threw what appeared to be ratty traveling gear and a rat bitten cloak at my feet. "Get dressed!" he ordered. What was going on? "I don't understand sir,

what is it you want me to do for you?" I asked, still groggy from the sleep and the late night. I noticed it was just barely dawn. "I want my property now boy, and we'll have no time for explaining." I was stunned, who the hell did this man think he was? I was about to place I heard the faint sound of crying. A deep painful cry I shall never forget that sound. It was the last time I was to

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hear my mothers voice. They had silenced my fathers voice forever during the night. "Mothe--" I began to utter as I was struck hard across the face with what felt like an Iron bar. The man's walking stick was in his hand and his expression had changed to one of anger and impatience. I was to learn that expression well over the next few days. "I will beat you black and blue and tie you to the gods damned horse if you're not up and dressed in the next minute. Mark me well boy, Ghaveed don't care if you're healthy or broken like a twig, he'll pay me all the same. Now for the last damned time. Get. Dressed. Now!" He raised the walking stick again and I was on my feet like a shot. Crying and not really understanding. "Who is Ghaveed? Where is my father? What's going on!" I managed through my tears and blubbering, at which they all just laughed. All except the fat man. That fat bastard just glowered at me with a look of contempt you would show a barn rat eating the feed. "Thay boy. We're going to Thay. Enjoy the trip. You might not live out the week once Ghaveed gets hold of you. He's a Red Wizard, one of the ruling Wizards of Thay, and a Necromancer, and he pays well for ones with natrual talent such as yours, and yer young too." He grinned a dark and evil grin, spittle at the edges of his fat mouth. Now the games and the juggling made sense. I was to be a slave.

I was dressed and on foot behind the horses, tied to the last man on the columns saddle. Looking back I saw my mother weeping on the front porch of our little farmhouse. Adventure had found me, and now all I wanted was to be, was a farmer.

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